

THE SILENT WORLD.

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NOT AS OUR WAYS.

[From The New York Tribune.]

THE Spring hath birds, however late,
And June must bring her roses
To faintest hearts that trustful wait
For what God's love discloses.

We look along the shining way,
To see the angels' faces;
They come to us in darkest days,
And in the blackest places.

We learn our weakness of our pride,
Our strength from out our weakness;
Sweet patience brings, for gifts denied,
The greater gift of meekness.

The strongest hearts have strongest needs,
For them the fiery trial;
Who walks a saint in word and deed,
Is saint by self-denial.

We ask of God the sunniest way,
He answers with sorrow;
We faint beneath the cross to-day,
We wear the crown to-morrow.

PHARAMOND THE GIPSY.

[From Good Things, an English Magazine.]

It is afternoon on the Volga, and the vast smooth sweep of the grand old river lies broad and bright in the cloudless summer sunshine, under which it is hard to believe that this same river will be imprisoned, barely five months hence, under a roof of ice several feet thick. On the right bank, beneath the shadow of its great yellow hillside, cluster the many-coloured houses, and huge green church domes, and broad, white, dusty streets, of busy Saratoff, the greatest manufacturing town of Eastern Russia; on the opposite shore, the grey steppe stretches, dim and ghostly, far as the eye can reach—melting at last into the pale blue sky.

"Looking for a boat, master? We'll take you if you like."

I am certainly *not* looking for a boat or anything else in particular at the moment; but it is wonderful how readily a man who has nothing to do, and is merely lounging about in dilettante fashion, will chime in with any suggestion made to him. A moment ago I had as much idea of going upon the river as of going to the moon; but the man has hardly spoken when I somehow feel that this is the very thing which I have been longing for—just as I should have felt if he had hailed me from the car of a balloon, and invited me to go up with him.

"Where are you bound for?"

"Two miles down the river, to a village merry-making, where they want me to play the fiddle for them. They know *my* playing all about here," he continues, with a proud smile. "If you'd like to come with us, we'll take you down for ten kopecks" (about three-pence).

"All right."

My new acquaintance runs his boat close in, and I am enabled to take a nearer survey of him. He is a tall, gaunt, wiry fellow, with a face which, naturally dark enough, seems absolutely *parched* by exposure to all weathers. Under his high black cap, his dark,

piercing eyes look out with a keen, searching glance which seem, to take in everything at once; and his passing smile reveals beneath the heavy black moustache a magnificent row of teeth, lighting up his swarthy face with a sudden flash.

At the first glance, I set him down as a foreigner. He is too dark even for a Cossack, and his smooth chin is quite a phenomenon in this land of bushy beards. Moreover, his Russian, though perfectly correct, has a slightly foreign ring in its accent. Putting everything together, I decide that he must be one of the famous "Tzigani" or Zigeuner (gipsies) who abound on the steppes between the Volga and the Ural, and are even found upon those of Central Asia.

The girl beside him (for there are two figures in the boat) is rounder and fuller in face, and nevertheless belongs unmistakably to the same stock. Many women on the Don are quite as dark, but none have the rich olive tint of her complexion. Her close-fitting jacket of frayed velvet, too, with its gay braiding, is thoroughly un-Russian; and her long hair, fantastically interwoven with bright ribbons, has a deep, glossy blackness, widely different from the soapy yellow of the Russian peasant, or the coarse black mop of the Cossack.

Altogether, I begin to rejoice (as I stretch myself luxuriously in the bottom of the boat, while the young lady with one quick stroke of her paddles, sends it out into the stream) upon the discovery of two new specimens, and at once proceed to draw them out.

"You're a 'Tzigani,' my friend, are you not?"

"You're right, father; and you'll meet plenty more of us if you go across to the Don. Our people have always been fond of these parts; and I've been here every Summer for five or six years now. They all know 'Pharamond the Gipsy' whereabouts. I only got to Saratoff last night, and I'm invited to three merry-makings already. My fiddle and I are always welcome; and a jolly life we have of it. All the Summer we ramble from village to village, playing here and playing there, with a night's lodging always ready for us, and as much black bread and *ogurtzi* (salted cucumbers) as will carry us to the next hamlet."

"But how about the Winter?"

"Oh, when Winter comes, we go southward, like the swallows and hang about the Crimea, or else go over into Turkey or the Caucasus. A gipsy's at home everywhere: and besides, there's one of our tribe in nearly every town we come to, and we can always find them by the marks they leave on the walls."

"You *do* seem to have a jolly life, indeed!"

"Ah! you may say that! There's no life like a gipsy's—just as my wife's song says. Would you like to hear her sing, by-the-by? Zara, sing the gentleman your 'Wanderer' song, and I'll let him hear my fiddle at the same time."

With a masterly touch, he strikes into a gay dancing air (which seems just made for a gipsy carol), while Zara, in a clear, sweet voice, sings as follows:

"Oh, merrily, merrily everywhere
We gipsies wander free;
The birds that flutter in the air
Are not so gay as we!
No service are we bound to pay,
No toll nor care we know;
For all our life is holiday,
And where we will, we go!"

Here her husband lends his deep, rich tenor to swell the chorus:

"Oh! we gipsies lead a life of ease,
As through the world we roam;
We pitch our tents where'er we please,
And there we make our home!

"We sit by the farmer's fire at night,
And tell him many a tale;
Then lie in his barn, on straw so warm,
With a pillow of good brown ale.*

"And there we sleep, so sound and deep,
Till the dawning of the day;
Then pack our bag upon our nag,
And forward, and away!

"And so we lead our life of ease," &c.

Both music and voice are of a kind so rarely met with that I find myself beginning to wonder how much the London opera or the Mariinski Theatre at St. Petersburg, might think it worth while to bid for these two "stars" of Nature's making, if they could but be persuaded to offer themselves. Before I can check myself, I utter the thought aloud.

"Why don't you join some of the large theatres, brother? You'd make your fortune if you did?"

"And what good would that do us, father? We should only be obliged to live in *houses*" (with a strong shiver of disgust) "and forced to stay in one place, and do this or do that as people told us, instead of our own life as we please. No, no! that would never do! We like to be our own masters, and not bound to anybody!"

And in a clear, joyous tone, almost like the carol of a bird, he trills out a verse of his wife's song:

"No service are we bound to pay,
No toll nor care we know;
For all our life is holiday,
And where we will, we go!"

"No, no!" he repeats emphatically, "that's not the sort of life for us at all! I've had quite enough of theatres and shows already and so has Zara too haven't you, my pet?"

"How so?" ask I, struck by the peculiar emphasis of his tone and manner.

"Why that was how I met her first," replies Pharamond, showing all his splendid teeth in a broad grin. "Would you like to hear about it? Well, this was how it happened:

"When I was a boy of thirteen, our band happened to be wandering through Galicia (the easternmost part of Austria, you know) and halted in one of the towns there—Pyzemyzl, if I recollect right. Well, just outside the town there was a great fair being held, and we saw all sorts of fun going on—dancing, and singing, and wrestling, and firing at a mark, and swings, and merry-go-rounds, and conjurors, and what not. But the greatest wonder of all to me (for I had never seen anything of the sort before) was a circus, in a big tent at one end of the ground; and of course I must go in and see, though it took pretty nearly all the money I had.

"Well, I sat through it all to the very last, and saw a lot of things that seemed regular fairy-work to me then—I don't think so much of them now having learned to do most of them myself. Just at the end, a little girl, all over ribbons and spangles, and with a tambourine in her hand, came forward to sing a song—the same that you've just heard."

"And the little girl, I suppose, is sitting here beside us?" suggest I.

"You've hit it, father," says Pharamond, with another laugh.

"Well, she got through the first verse well enough; but at the second she fairly broke down, and began to cry. Then a big, savage-looking fellow in a braided jacket, who had been perform-

* The word in the original is "kvass," which, though often translated by "ale," is much thinner, and not intoxicating.

ing some feats of strength, came and seized her by the arm, and dragged her away—and (as I felt sure) beat her cruelly behind the curtain, for I caught the sound of somebody screaming through all the music.

"This put me out very much, especially as I was certain, from the girl's face, that *she* was a gipsy too; and I determined to help her somehow, cost what it might. When I got outside, I met two or three of our band, and told them the story, and wanted them to come back with me and help to carry her off. But they said that wouldn't do; that the circus people would just call the police, and we should all get clapped in prison: and that my best way was to go into the tent on some pretence or other, and try to let the girl know that there was help at hand, if she could manage to slip away; and they would hang about a little way off, ready to help us if need were.

"So back I went, and walked into the circus tent, and found them all at supper, and the big, rough fellow (who turned out to be the head man) half drunk already. I asked if he wanted a boy who could sing, and do a few tricks. He looked me all over, and then told me to show him what I could do; and so I did. He nodded, and seemed pleased; but I suppose he felt that his head wasn't steady enough for making bargains, for he said, 'You'd better go and talk to my mother, who's in the little tent just outside; if *she* says nothing against you, we'll see.'

"So I went to the tent, and lifted the blanket at the door, and saw a horrid old woman, just like an owl, with a hooked nose, and only one eye, winking and blinking over a little stew-pan that stood on a heap of hot ashes; while in the corner farthest from the door lay poor little Zara, rolled up in a rug, and sobbing fit to break her heart.

"Well, I made my bow to the old woman, and told her what I wanted, and agreed to everything she said; but, all the while, I kept my eye on the child. I noticed that the old woman was rather deaf, and that gave me an idea; so just as I was turning to go away, I said:

"That little daughter of yours seems to be in trouble, madam; may I give her a bit of biscuit to comfort her?"

"And stooping over her as if to give it, I whispered, in our gipsy tongue:

"If I help you to run away, will you do it?"

"Oh yes!" said she brightening up in a moment.

"Keep awake to-night, then," said I. And with that I bade the old woman good night, and slipped out.

"The moment I got outside, I heard her drawing the cords of the door-flap, and knew that I was shut out; but I had marked whereabouts Zara lay, and didn't mind that a bit. I went round to that side, crouched close to the tent, and waited.

"I knew that, while the noise of the supper-party lasted, there was no chance of the old wretch going to sleep; and it really seemed as if they would never be done. But they were quiet at last, and presently I knew by the old woman's hard breathing that she was asleep. Then, as cautiously as I could, I made a long rip in the side of the tent with my clasp-knife, and, putting my hand through, touched Zara's shoulder. She was on her feet in a moment, and I helped her to creep out through the hole I had made; and then away we ran to the place where our people were on the watch; and by daybreak we were many a mile away.

"But, after that she always went about with us; and when she got to be a few years older, she and I were married after the fashion of our tribe, by drinking water from the hollow of each other's hands; and we've never parted since. And now, father, there's the village: so we'll just put in and go ashore."

"OLD PROB."

THE Signal Service proper owes its existence to the late war, at the close of which, like other kindred bodies, it survived only in skeleton form. Its enterprising chief, however, General Albert J. Myer, could not, or would not, rest on the laurels he had won in the field, as the author of the most perfect system of signals known to civilization, but, with characteristic skill and perseverance undertook the hazardous task which has perpetuated the organization, though transferring it from war to peace.

It is but five years ago that this officer, with a few efficient aids, acting under the authority of an act of Congress and the immediate orders of the Secretary of War, inaugurated the system of observations and reports by signal and telegraph which enables us, daily, to impart valuable and interesting information with regard to the weather, the rise and fall of all navigable rivers, and, generally speaking, all unusual phenomena within the domain of meteorology.

The new branch of the service—at first intended to benefit our lake navigation only—soon extended its usefulness to the Atlantic coast, then to the principal inland cities down to the Gulf, up the Mississippi to its source, and across the continent to the Pacific ocean, until—as is now the fact—we can have daily reports of the state of the weather at Portland, Oregon, and San Francisco, Halifax and Father Point, Key West and Galveston, and Pembina and Duluth, with as much certainty and accuracy as could be obtained from places within the range of unaided vision.

The sub-offices are officially known as "stations," and are divided into two classes, viz: Stations of observation and report, and stations of observation, report, and distribution. Each class is equally valuable and indispensable, and bears the relation to each other and to the chief office in Washington that the veins and arteries do to the heart. All stations are known by numbers, whether located in the United States or British America, and in transmitting reports, telegraphically over the several "circuits" the names of stations are understood by figures.

Seven regular observations are made daily, viz: Three to be reported by telegraph, three for local use, and a special noonday observation, telegraphed to Washington only in the event of a sudden raise or fall of the barometer. The "synopsis" briefly recounts all that has occurred during the preceding day, while the "Probabilities" announce the meteoric condition to be expected for the ensuing twenty-four hours. As a rule the predictions are verified, but the Signal Service—thus far—do not claim to be infallible; they simply foreshadow from what is known to exist, the character of the weather which will naturally follow.

The Signal men, says the *St. Louis Globe*, are the hardest-worked and the poorest-paid in the public service. Sabbaths and holidays they know nothing of. Let us see how they are rewarded. With the exception of Washington, D. C., three stations in the extreme Southwest, and three or four west of the Rocky Mountains, the pay and allowances of an Observer Sergeant averages about \$76 per month, and that of assistants considerably less.

Furthermore, the man in charge of a signal station is personally responsible for the safety and good condition of these delicate and costly instruments, and for other public property, the value of which exceeds the income of a lifetime at the rate he is now paid. The trouble seems to be, that unlike the engineer and ordnance corps, the Signal Service has not been recognized as a part of the army proper, nor is it acknowledged as belonging to the civil branch of our government. Its position is anomalous at present, and since its usefulness has been established beyond a doubt, we trust that Congress will give it both a name and a habitation.

THE DEAF-MUTES OF BOSTON.

A LARGELY attended and demonstrative meeting of deaf-mutes was held in the rooms of the Boston Deaf-mute Library Association on Wednesday evening, April 7th. It was the culmination of efforts that have been making by the deaf-mutes and their friends for at least two years, to secure the foundation of a harmonious society.

There have been in the past many societies, the Boston Deaf-mute Library Association being the largest and the only one that holds an act of incorporation. It was at last decided that the only way to secure confidence would be to place the entire control of the finances in the hands of a board of trustees composed of prominent hearing gentlemen, and last evening, Hon. Francis Brooks, Hon. James Sturgis, Martin Brimmer, Professor A. Graham Bell, and J. G. David, who have interested themselves in the movement, were present. There was also a full representation from all the societies.

After an animated debate, which was, however, all on one side in favor, the constitution and by-laws of the Boston Deaf-mute Library Association were so amended as to admit members of the other societies, and twenty-eight persons joined in a few minutes. Then Martin Brimmer, Joseph Story, Francis Brooks, and James Sturgis were elected trustees.

Half of the old officers magnanimously resigned, so as to allow the new members to be represented on the board, and George A. Holmes was elected vice-president, and George Homer, J. T. Tillinghast, and P. W. Packard, directors, and E. J. Welsh, clerk. In addition to the above, E. N. Bowes continues president and director, and also J. P. Marsh, director.

The trustees are to issue a circular soon, calling the attention of the public to the association and requesting donations. The standing of the gentlemen who have thus taken hold of the enterprise will entitle it to public confidence and charity.—*Boston Transcript*.

REASONING POWERS OF A RAT.

A STORY is told by a farmer at Bloomfield, Pa., which seems to indicate reasoning power and a bit of the heroic element in a common rat. Two rats, an old gray matron of the corn crib and her offspring, had been caught together in a common box trap. Through a crack the pair could be seen together within, loving enough, till the farm-dog was brought to the mouth of the trap. As soon as the mother rat scented the dog she seemed immediately to divine the approaching fate, and giving a terrible squeal, she caught the little rat by the neck and bit him sharply, causing almost instant death. The trap was opened an instant after, and the old rat, which had thus killed her offspring rather than have it murdered by the dog, quietly submitted to her fate.

COOK-STOVE AND DICTIONARY.—No well regulated household is complete without a copy of Webster's Unabridged Dictionary. We would as soon think of getting along *without* a cook-stove. One young man in this vicinity bought two copies of Webster at the bookstore within a few weeks. When he purchased the second one the proprietor asked him what he was going to do with two. "Why" said he "I have just got married and my folks won't let me take away from the house the dictionary I first bought, so I am obliged to get another as I can not get along without it;" and the young man was right.

REPORT says that Miss Matilda Freeman who graduated from the New York Institution in 1870-'71, and then went to Europe, has lately been married to a hearing gentleman in Paris, France.

THE SILENT WORLD.

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THE Boston *Advertiser* of the 12th ult. contained a most excellent account of the recent Presentation Day exercises at the Deaf-mute College. We reproduce here the opinion of the writer respecting the essays of the graduating class and the closing paragraph, for which every true deaf-mute will be deeply grateful. "They (the essays) were all well written and well delivered, comparing favorably with commencement exercises elsewhere; and those relating to the problems of the day especially sound in doctrine and forcible in expression, showing their authors to have acquired the power of correct thinking and logical reasoning. * * * * *

Thus ended the eleventh anniversary of the College, full of interest and of satisfaction not only to the graduating class, their friends and the audience, but to all friends of education and of humanity. And thus was again demonstrated the fact that in the nineteenth century, and in the United States of America, the deaf-mute is no longer a poor unfortunate, or an object of compassionate charity, but merely one who needs special methods of instruction, and having those, asks only the right of his manhood, useful employment and fair remuneration, not because he is a deaf-mute, but a workman worthy of his hire.

THE investigation into the management of the Indiana Institution for the Deaf and Dumb lately concluded had a peculiarly atrocious feature—the charges were made anonymously and no one appeared to substantiate them. That a long-trying and faithful officer, as Mr. MacIntire, the Superintendent, has proved himself to be, should be dragged over the coals of an investigation to gratify the malice of a mean sneak who had not the hardihood to sign his name to the charges he made, still less to appear and testify to the truth of those charges, is alike disgraceful to the Legislature that appointed the Investigating Committee on such flimsy grounds and to the community that sent men of so little sense and consideration to that Legislature. The Report of the Investigating Committee, which lies before us, pronounces the charges wholly unfounded. Mr. MacIntire is, therefore, clear from even the shadow of misconduct. But does any one suppose that this recompenses him for all he has gone through during the investigation? It is a satisfaction to his friends, of course; but if the charges were unfounded and there was "no evidence tending to sustain them," Mr. MacIntire and his friends can only deplore that any notice whatever was taken of them. Investigations are bad enough any way, and if we are to have them at the beck and call of every knave who chooses to trump up charges and is not even required to authenticate them with his name, we shall have no end to them.

THE DEGENERACY OF OUR TIMES.

WHAT are we coming to? we often think while reading the daily and weekly newspapers. According to what we often read in them, the country is going to rack and ruin; crime is increasing; our legislators and public officials are corrupt; we have no money—only a worthless paper currency; our food is adulterated; our cities unclean; nay, even in our own homes, the furnace heat and bad ventilation are a very prolific cause of lung diseases, of which thousands die every year.

While so much pains is taken to decry the times in which we live, almost equal pains is taken to extol the "good old days of our fathers."

Washington was the father and benefactor of a great country; infamous crimes were rare; bribery and corruption of public men were unknown; before the war, we had "hard money"—gold and silver; there was less variety, perhaps, in the food, but it was pure and unadulterated; cities were less crowded and, therefore, cleaner and healthier; and our fathers, with their open fire-places and draughts at every door and window, were a long-lived and hardy race and were little troubled with colds and lung complaints.

And yet, somehow, things go on in the even tenor of their way. The country seems to be well governed; our lives and property are safe; if our public men are corrupt, they are being found out and punished; we can still buy everything we want with our "worthless paper currency;" and in spite of our unclean cities, adulterated food, and over-heated homes, the general average of longevity is increasing.

Not long ago, a caricature was published in *Harper's Weekly* in which a passage from a newspaper published during the year of Washington's retirement from the presidency was placed side by side with a passage from a daily paper denouncing President Grant and his administration. It was a most telling rebuke to all who lament the degeneracy of our times to notice the similarity of epithets and expressions in the two passages. Washington was denounced as the man who had misgoverned the country for eight years and so on—take up any "opposition journal" and you will find almost an exact repetition of the whole passage.

It is undoubtedly true that there are evils in our government; that our cities might be cleaner; our food purer; and our homes heated and ventilated in a more healthful manner: in short, that there is some foundation in fact for all the hue and cry that is raised in the newspapers. Nothing in this world is perfect or ever will be.

But the world is making progress for all that. The very fact that the evils complained of are known to exist, is proof of progress, for in their discovery the first step towards remedying them has been taken. On the same pages of the newspapers that are the most dolorous over the degeneracy of the times, we often read accounts of political and social changes that are the best possible proofs that we are not degenerating.

We can not see the hands of a clock move, and yet they do move—and very rapidly too, as we find when our attention is called away for a while, and we presently look back. In the same way, we can best see progress in the world by comparing different periods of time. Few of us realize how great that progress is, and the subject is worth studying, for it teaches a very useful lesson.

If we think a little, we will see that, even in our own day, short though it may have been, there has been great progress. Take the facilities for education for instance. No one thing so well indicates the progress a country is making as the degree of attention that is paid to popular education. In this country, we have always been justly proud of our superior educational advantages, and yet we can most of us remember a time when our common schools were very far below what they are now. Year by year the sums voted for schools at the town meetings, even in the smallest towns, have been increased, and new school-houses have been built and new and improved educational facilities provided. Again, it is within our recollection that any special attention has been given to the public health, and now the smallest towns in some parts of the country have their Boards of Health.

We might multiply instances, but our space forbids. There is no subject easier to study, and illustrations will suggest and multiply

themselves to every one. The farther apart the periods which we compare are, the greater will be the progress apparent between them; and the more we study the subject, the more will we become convinced that the world is making progress, and that we are better off in every respect than our ancestors and that our descendants will be better off than we are.

[CORRESPONDENCE.]

FROM NEW YORK.

On Friday evening, April 16th, the deaf-mutes of this city gave a surprise party to Mr. and Mrs. Knox at their residence in West Eleventh street. When we arrived, Mrs. Knox was engaged in the household task of washing dishes, while Mr. Knox, who is a model husband, was quietly sitting by, smoking his pipe.

As soon as possible, hats and coats were off, and the fun of the evening which consisted in jokes, story-telling, games, &c., began, but it was not until the arrival of Rev. Dr. Gallaudet and Rev. Mr. Chamberlain that the real fun commenced. Shortly after their arrival supper was announced, and all present did ample justice to the abundance of good things provided.

After supper we again entered the parlors, and the fun continued, till near mid-night, when the party began to break up, all pronouncing themselves highly pleased.

Many thanks are due to Mr. and Mrs. Knox and also to the manager of the party for its highly successful character.

Among those present were Rev. Dr. Gallaudet and wife, Rev. Mr. Chamberlain, W. O. Fitzgerald and wife, Misses Isham, Bamberger and Howard.

Thirty persons, among them fourteen deaf-mutes, were confirmed on Sunday, afternoon, April 18th, in St. Ann's Church for deaf-mutes by Bishop Potter, assisted by Rev. Dr. Gallaudet and Rev. Mr. Chamberlain.

LUCAS.

PERSONAL.

We would remind our readers that we are wholly dependent upon their good nature and courtesy for the matter contained in the Personal Department. It does not take long to write and send a short item for this department, yet the shortest item about an old school-mate or friend may be of more value than all the rest of the paper to any one of our readers. We ask, therefore, that each and every one of our readers will consider himself or herself one of the editors of the Personal Column, and send any thing, no matter how little, which may be of interest.

Mr. JOSEPH BERRY, of Farley, Iowa, and Miss Clarissa A. Richards, both graduates of the Ohio Institution, were married at Waterloo, Iowa, during April.

Mr. WILLIAM E. SCHENCK, a graduate of the New York Institution, is working as a compositor in the employ of G. P. Rowell & Co., the great newspaper advertising agents. He has worked five years at the printing business.

Rev. THOMAS B. BERRY, one of the associates of Rev. Dr. Gallaudet in the Church Mission to deaf-mutes, has lately removed from Albany to Granville. We are sure our readers will join us in offering our congratulations at this evidence of Mr. Berry's success and prosperity and also at the addition to his family of a little daughter born on the 14th ult.

Mr. JOH A. BRIGHTMAN, who graduated from the American Asylum in 1846, was run over by the cars at West Sandwich, Mass., on the 30th of last March. One of his ankles and both hands were crushed and he was much bruised. Mr. Brightman has always been a smart and careful man. He has a deaf and dumb wife. Up to the time of the accident, he worked at his trade as a shoemaker, and was an expert fisherman and hunter.

"LITTLE DAN."

[From The Detroit Free Press.]

You see, the people at the post-office soon recognize faces and names, and after a man or woman has appeared at the general delivery window three or four times they are pretty well known. It is a real pleasure to hand out letters to some, while the clerks care little for the calls of others to get hold of their epistles.

One day, a year or two ago, a funny-looking little old woman, wearing faded garments, but having a tidy look and a motherly face, appeared at the window and asked for a letter. There was a letter for her, sent from a distant city, and any one could have told that an unlearned boy directed the envelope. There was a little "d" in "Detroit," with a big "T" to end the word, and it seemed wonderful that the letter ever reached its destination.

The old lady felt so pleased that tears stood in her eyes, and yet trying to smile, she put her head into the window and said:

"Thanks. It's from my boy Dan, and you don't know how much good it does me."

The lady-delivery clerk rose up to look after the old woman, and when a second letter came she was looking and watching for "mother" a whole day before the letter was passed out.

"It's from my Dan again," cried the old woman as she noted the superscription. "He's in Buffalo learning a trade. He's only a bit of a boy and there wasn't a show for him in Detroit, and besides he was running out nights and going to the bad. I sent him away and he's working hard and trying to be good; God bless my Dan! I'm a lone widow with only him to love, and I hope he'll be good!"

"I hope so too," added the clerk, and after that the two were friends. Sometimes the letters were far between, and when the old woman would worry over the delay and the big tears would fall, the lady clerk would almost shed tears with her. "Mother" would open her letters at the window, and if Dan was feeling brave-hearted and getting along well, both would rejoice, while both would be anxious if he complained and was discouraged.

Almost every week for a year and a half the old lady received a letter, and just as regularly she came to post an answer. She wrote in a quaint old hand, but the boy could make out every word, and once when he wrote that her writing was improving, she felt all the pride which a school girl could have shown. He improved as well.—By and by he wrote "Detroit" plain and fair, and he took extra pains to commence his "Dear Mother" with a grand flourish, and to add something extra after the words "Your Son Dan."

These letters were food and drink to the old lady, and she seemed to actually grow younger. Little Dan had many friends in the post-office, and had the mother been ill any carrier would have hunted till midnight to find her and hand her the looked-for letter. Three or four weeks ago, when she opened her letter, she wept and smiled as over the first. Dan wrote that he was coming home for a week, and her heart was full. She said she'd have the cottage looking like new for him, and she'd be at the depot to welcome him first of all. Everybody felt glad with her, and the lady clerk was to go up some evening and have tea with her and see little Dan and praise and encourage him, for the more kind words a boy can have the better will he seek to do.

There was no letter the next Tuesday, but the two excused its absence by saying that Dan was getting ready to come home. That was early in February, and he was to come home early in March. The next Tuesday there was a letter, but the handwriting was not little Dan's. It was a strange business hand, and the clerk felt a chill go over her as she turned it over. It might be good news, but she feared not. "Mother" came in at the usual hour, and she

turned pale as she took the envelope. Her fingers trembled as she opened it, and she had to wipe the mist out of her eyes before she could decipher a word. She hadn't read over four or five lines when she uttered a moan and sank down, like one crushed by some awful weight. They lifted her up and took her home, the letter clasped in her stiff fingers, and though she came out of the faint after a while, her heart was broken, and in a week she was in her grave.

Dan was dead! The letter said that he had been taken suddenly ill and that nothing could save him. The blow was too heavy for one with her gray hairs and childish heart, and her little old cottage is without a tenant.

No more letters commencing "Dear Mother," come from the dead, and the trembling hands which used to linger fondly over the words, "My dear boy, Dan," are folded over a lifeless breast, there to rest till the angels unclasp them.

STREET LIFE IN ROME.

[From *Hearth and Home*.]

ONE of the German papers lately contained an interesting account of the peculiar street-life led by a very large class of people in the city of Rome. So large, in fact, in this class that it may be said to comprise almost the whole of the middle and lower orders of the population.

These people spend very nearly all of their time in the streets during the day, and use their houses principally as sleeping places. Even those whose work must necessarily be done within doors generally manage to do most of it on the thresholds of their shops. But the great majority make the streets themselves their shops, and carry on their avocations in the open air, with no other covering, at best, than a large sun-umbrella.

Among these out-of-door occupations there are some which cause a great deal of surprise among strangers, and this is especially the case with that of the *scrittori*, or public letter-writers.

These *scrittori* are very important characters. They are usually lawyers whom some difficulties—generally of a pecuniary nature—have driven from the society of their fellow-jurists. And their knowledge of law is of great assistance to them in their new positions, for large numbers of the letters they are called upon to write are memorials to some magistrate or judge, and the memorialists derive great satisfaction from knowing that their papers have been drawn up in due legal form. It is quite probable, too, that the letter-writer plays upon the credulity of the applicant, in such instances, very much as the "bag-attorney" in the "Pickwick Papers," Mr. Solomon Pell, did upon that of the elder Mr. Weller and his friends, making them believe that his influence with the courts and authorities generally is very great, and of much importance to the success of the suit or application.

But such petitions are not the only documents prepared by the letter-writers. The maiden who wishes to send a greeting to her absent sweetheart, the servant out of employment who hopes for some assistance from a former employer, even the friends of brigands who desire to communicate with their outlawed associates of former days, all seek the *scrittori*, and confide to them the information which is to be conveyed to the recipients of the letters. This makes the letter-writers the *confidantes* of a vast number of people; but they know their own interest too well to betray any of the secrets imparted to them, and there is, therefore, no danger in treating them with implicit confidence.

The business of a public letter-writer is extremely profitable. An active member of the fraternity, who has possession of a "good stand," can make as much as ten or even fifteen *lire* every

day. Many of his former colleagues, the lawyers, do not make by any means so much, and their profession is only superior to his in being more respectable to the eyes of the public.

But these *scrittori*, like many other old Italian institutions, must soon begin to decline, and, in the course of time, disappear altogether. The great advances in liberty and education that have taken place in Italy during the period which has followed its unification will, of course, tend to destroy the state of things which made their existence possible, and there is every reason to believe that they will soon have become things of the past.

An equally remarkable and characteristic feature of Roman street life is the practice of selling cigar-stumps. This anomalous traffic is chiefly in the hands of boys. It requires very little outlay, or, rather, none at all, except among the "wholesale dealers." The young *gamin* who desires to go into the business spends some time in a diligent search for stray stumps, and as soon as he has collected a small stock he tears down an old poster from some dead wall, arranges his commodities upon it, places it upon the sidewalk, and sits down and waits for customers. These usually appear, sooner or later, and, having purchased one or two stumps for a very small sum, proceed to break them up and smoke them in little pipes, or in some instances, actually to use them for chewing-tobacco!

But there are also some more extensive dealers in this branch of trade, and their operations are more regular and orthodox. These latter always occupy a corner in a prominent square or a nook beside the steps of some church or public building. Their wares are displayed upon a board, and comprise quite a large assortment, the stumps being arranged in little heaps, according to their size, thickness, and state of preservation, the prices varying in the same degree. They do not, like the "retail" dealers, hunt for stumps themselves, but purchase them from those who have not patience to collect enough to go into business for themselves and then sell them at a liberal advance on the original price. They have often hundreds of stumps on their boards, and their profits on the sales they make are generally not less than fifty per cent. It is said, too, that a day seldom passes in which they do not sell off their whole stock, as their stands are permanent and well known to the consumers of cigar-stumps.

But the chances are that the increased prosperity of the city of Rome as the capital of Italy will relieve, in a great measure, the general poverty which made such a traffic possible; and that this too, is one of the features which will soon cease to be seen in the Roman streets.

INSTITUTION NEWS.

MICHIGAN.

THE *Deaf-mute Mirror* of April 2nd contained a review of the charge which led to the recent investigation of the management of the Michigan Institution and also the Report of the Joint Committee of the Legislature appointed to conduct the investigation. The charges, all more or less sensational, were first published anonymously in certain newspapers, and in consequence, the investigation was ordered. The Committee having been appointed, formal charges were preferred and witnesses appeared to sustain them. The Committee, after a careful and thorough investigation of each charge, reported them unsustained and that "no facts were presented warranting any such charges as appeared in the newspapers."

NOVA SCOTIA.

On Saturday, the 3rd ult., we were visited by the Legislative Council and a number of ladies and gentlemen.

The school-room was prepared for the occasion, the blackboard being covered with addresses and sentences expressive of welcome.

After a short address by the Hon. D. McNeill Parker, Chairman of the Board of Directors, a number of pupils were examined from each class and gave quick and correct answers to the questions put to them, some

proposed by the visitors present. By request, a few pupils gave several pantomimic sketches illustrative of their natural sign language and caused great amusement.

After inspecting the recent alterations and improvements, which were pointed out and explained by Mr. Hutton, the company withdrew apparently well pleased with their visit.

On Tuesday, the 6th ult., we received a similar though somewhat hurried visit from the Committee on Humane Institution and other members of the House of Assembly, when much the same exercises were gone through.

The New Brunswick Legislature has this year increased their annual grant from \$800 to \$1,000.

An appeal has been made to the Nova Scotia Legislature for assistance in liquidating the debt incurred in the recent alterations; copies of this appeal were printed in the Institution, and distributed amongst the members of the Legislature.

We have recently received a very useful addition to our Printing Office.

J. W. D.

ONTARIO (CANADA.)

Some time since, Earl Dufferin, the Governor-General of Canada presented two prizes for competition among the pupils of the Institution for the Deaf and Dumb at Belleville—a silver medal for proficiency in the educational department, and a bronze medal for superiority in the mechanical department.

These prizes were recently publicly awarded and, as we learn from *The Belleville Intelligencer*, the occasion was most interesting and enjoyable.

The exercises took place in the evening, in the dining-room of the Institution. Owing to the very bad condition of the roads and the coldness of the weather, there was but a small attendance of people from the town; but the pupils, their instructors, and the attendants of the Institution formed a numerous audience. A string band was present, and at intervals discoursed some well performed selections, which tended to enliven and vary the proceedings.

After an exhibition of the mode of teaching and some illustrations of the progress of the pupils, Mr. J. W. Langmuir, Inspector of Asylums and Prisons, addressed the audience.

Master Willie Kay, winner of the silver medal for proficiency in the educational department, was then called up, and was presented by Mr. Langmuir with the prize won. Master William Smith, winner of the bronze medal for superiority in the mechanical department, was also presented by Mr. Langmuir with his prize.

Both winners seemed very proud of their success, and expressed their thanks for the prizes, after Mr. Langmuir had addressed a few kind and encouraging words to them in making the presentation.

The medals are very handsome. The outer rim of each medal bears the name of the winner, why awarded, and the date. Similar prizes are to be offered annually by Earl Dufferin, and they will, no doubt, be the objects of eager competition. It is the intention of Mr. Langmuir to offer a prize for competition in one of the departments.

Mr. S. T. Greene, one of the deaf-mute teachers, then gave a recitation from Longfellow's poem "Hiawatha," in which the beauty of the signs used, and their expressiveness could not be excelled.

Then came something which had not been set down on the programme—the presentation to Mr. Langmuir and to Dr. Palmer, by the female pupils, of some very neat specimens of their handwork: a specimen of worsted work, consisting of a tidy, mats, &c., to Mr. Langmuir, and a beautiful pin-cushion and a pair of mats to Dr. Palmer the Principal. Both gentlemen made suitable acknowledgments.

The entertainment came to a close about ten o'clock, when the band played the National Anthem, and the audience dispersed.

OHIO.

The first week of April was ushered in with warm and genial weather, and we came to the conclusion that stern, hoary Winter, with its innumerable hardships and sufferings had left us for good. But our conclusions were, however, only temporary, for the second week brought back a regular "polar wave," and our anticipations were at once blasted. Last Thursday and Friday were regular wintry days, and the remark upon every one's lips was, "Did you ever see such cold weather for a month like this?" and the reply would generally be, "Oh, well, April is noted for her fickleness and what else could you expect?" If this cold weather continues much longer, there will be a poor prospect for fruit out here.

The national game, i. e., base ball, has lost none of its interest among the pupils of the Institution. It still forms one of the leading amusements during play-hours and Saturday afternoons—weather permitting. The pupils have a crack club, so to speak, called the Independent Base Ball Club; and judging from its past record, it would take a strong nine to beat it.

Of the seven games it played with city clubs last year, only two were lost, and these were caused by several members of the club being disabled. The members have purchased a new uniform, and they will present a fine appearance. A friendly game between a city nine was played last week, and our boys came off victorious by a score of 16 to 12.

The lady members of the Clionion Society, of which the readers of *THE SILENT WORLD* have no doubt often heard, gave a public entertainment in the chapel last Saturday evening; and their efforts appeared to be appreciated, for the large chapel of the Institution was filled to its utmost capacity.

The affair was credible to those who got it up, and we hope the members of the Society will get up more of the same sort soon. The following was the programme:

Secretary's Report.....A. B. Davis
Recitation—"Heroic Firemen on Duty,".....M. Mennche

A play called "HEROISM."

The Hunter.....L. M. Reed
The Hunter's Wife.....A. Sutton
A Grizzly Bear.....H. C. Gould
Hawkeye.....M. L. Swen
White Feather.....M. F. Mann
Gray Eagle.....S. Woodring
Black Foot.....C. Anderson
Evil Eye.....C. Kuhne

The recitation "Heroic Firemen on Duty" by Mr. Mennche was vividly rendered in pantomime and at its conclusion, the speaker was loudly applauded by the audience.

"Heroism" was in reality a scene in the life and hardships of a frontier man, and if there was any defect in the play, it was the want of sufficient scenery.

Hon. L. L. Rice, who has been supervisor of the State printing and binding for the past twelve years, has recently retired from office, his term having expired.

It was through the efforts of Mr. Rice that the bindery and the printing office at our Institution were established. The employees of the bindery presented him with a substantial testimony in the shape of an ebony cane, gold-headed, and a pair of napkin rings, as a token of their esteem.

A number of changes have been and are to be made in the domestic department of the Institution. G. W. Wakefield, our worthy Steward for the last seventeen years, is to be succeeded by a new man in the course of a month or two, and I presume the Matron, Mrs. Wakefield, will also leave. The Assistant Matron is also to be superseded by one else; and in addition to these, there will be several other changes.

The places of these worthy and efficient officers, who have been connected with the management of the Institution for a number of years, will not easily be filled and we deplore the necessity that has caused this state of things.

The present term of the school will close on the 15th of June, which is a week earlier than usual. The next term will commence September 15th.

The Scientific Class alone will graduate ten members, and I was informed some time ago, that there would be fifty graduates from the school at the end of the present term. The graduation of so large a number is made necessary in order to make room for new comers.

The health of the pupils at present is excellent: few or no cases of sickness are prevailing.

Columbus Ohio, April 21, 1875.

COLLEGE RECORD.

FRESH has just finished his telescope, and now takes his nightly rounds among the stars.

WILLIE FAY, brother of Prof. Fay, is staying with the latter, preparing for Yale College, which he expects to enter next Fall.

THE many friends of Mr. Cyrus Chambers, formerly of the Deaf-mute College, and once a member of the "famous Kendall Base Ball Club" will be interested to learn that he has joined the National Club of Washington.

DAMON AND PHYTHIAS were enjoying a little game of "throw and catch" ball the other day. Several surprising manœuvres were exhibited. Suddenly Damon caught the ball in the eye—a dangerous feat, and rarely resorted to, except under certain circumstances. The particular beauty on the present occasion is, the ball was a croquet one. Friends, take note.—Damon will not appear in public for several days.

THE following is an extract from an article in *The Washington Sportman*: "After two seasons of quiet, the once famous and popular Kendall Club has been reorganized, and propose contesting for the amateur championship of the District of Columbia. It is composed entirely of the students of the Deaf-mute College, and it is quite wonderful what a proficiency they have attained in handling the bat and ball.

ITEMS OF INTEREST.

"SPELLOZOOTIC" is the latest name for it.

It is thought that the frost will be out of the ground in some parts of New England by August.

More deaths and damages have resulted from coasting in Massachusetts this Winter than from railroad accidents.

A French physician says that lemon juice as a gargle, is a specific against diphtheria, and similar throat troubles.

A humorous apothecary in Boston exposes a case of soap in his shop window with the pertinent inscription, "Cheaper than dirt."

The compulsory education bill proposed in the State of Maine provides for clothing destitute children, as well as educating them.

General Spinner's retirement will necessitate the counting of every dollar in the Treasury vaults, amounting to more than one hundred millions.

The citizens of Glasgow are raising funds for the erection of a monument for Livingstone. The subscriptions are limited to \$25 each, and are coming in freely.

The Pennsylvania Railroad Company has now in use a crow for lifting locomotives from the track. By this process wheels may be taken out or put under an engine in a few minutes.

The number of holidays in Russia has grown to be an inconvenience. There are forty-four church and imperial holidays, and a commission has been formed to see what can be done in the way of reducing the number.

"I have had twenty thousand prisoners pass through my hands," said the keeper of Canterbury (Eng.) jail, "since I have been keeper of this jail, but, though I have inquired, I have not discovered one teetotaler among them."

The other day a postmaster, on entering his office, had his olfactory nerves disagreeably assailed. On questioning a boy in the office as to the cause, the facetious youth replied: "I don't know, sir; but perhaps the smell comes from some of the dead-letters."

Eighty years hence, when a youth of fourteen Summers asks his grandfather if he ever saw such a cold Winter and so much snow, the "oldest inhabitant" will place his hand on the boy's head and reply: "My son, you should have lived in the Winter of 1874-'75."

A monster cuttle-fish, the body of which was from ten to twelve feet in length, its arms or suckers being six feet long, and in some parts thick as a man's thigh, was found recently lying on the beach near Yokohama, in Japan. A man's hat would scarcely cover one of its eyes.

What an eventful month, April! Lexington and Concord fight in the last century, Fort Sumter fired upon in the present, Lincoln's call for 75,000 men, Richmond fell, Lee surrendered, Anderson again in command of Sumter, President Lincoln assassinated. All in the month of April!

The Bank of France owns a brick for which 1,000 francs (\$200) in specie were paid. It was taken from the ruins of a burnt house and the image and figures of a note for 1,000 francs are burnt on the surface, transferred by the heat from a real note. This brick the bank redeemed on presentation, as if it were the note itself.

"Bub, did you ever stop to think," said a Michigan avenue grocer yesterday as he measured out half a peck of potatoes, "that these potatoes contain sugar, water, and starch?" "Noah, I didn't," replied the boy, "but I heard mother say that you put peas and beans in your coffee, and about a pint of water in every quart of of milk you sold."

A lover of good coffee, who has been several times swindled, entered a Woodward-ave grocery recently, and holding up a handful of ground coffee from the big can, he inquired: "Are there any beans in this coffee?" "No, Sir," promptly replied the grocer. "How do you know?" asked the man. "Because I was out of beans and had to put peas in!" was the answer.

"Did you ever see that picture, grandma?" asked a young lady, as they took a view of the family portrait gallery. "See it? Why, it's a portrait of myself when I was seventeen!" "I thought you had forgotten it, or you wouldn't always be lecturing us girls about modesty in dress." Grandma looked over her spectacles and declared that the girls nowadays were very impertinent to their elders.

The severe Winter has driven the crows into the Shenandoah Valley in such numbers as to compel the farmers to hasten their corn into their barns without husking. The birds cover the country by thousands, and, as an evidence of their numbers and of the straits to which the Winter has reduced them, hundreds have perished from starvation, while many others have had their eyes picked out while yet alive.

THE FORTNIGHT.

ATTORNEY-GENERAL Williams has resigned.

John Harper, senior member of the house of Harper & Bros., died at New York on April 22nd.

Samuel R. Wells the well-known professor of phrenology, and publisher of numerous works bearing on that and kindred subjects, died on Tuesday morning, April 18, of typhoid fever.

The President according to his usual custom with retiring officials has written a letter to General Spinner, assuring him of his high personal regard, and commending the faithfulness, honesty and efficiency with which he discharged the duties of his office.

THE explosion of giant powder at San Francisco some two weeks ago, was a gigantic thing. All of a sudden property was destroyed to the amount of eight hundred thousand dollars, with the loss of several lives. The miraculous part of this affair is that so few lives were lost.

The reorganized Louisiana Legislature is fairly under way. The House or Representatives has passed a resolution ordering the impeachment of the Auditor of Public Accounts because of the improper condition in which his books were found by a committee appointed to examine them.

Paul Boynton, the young American mechanic who invented a unique life-saving dress, attempted to cross the English channel in it April 10th, and was only prevented from accomplishing the task by night coming on and the refusal of the pilot to guide him in the darkness. He has signified his intention of making a second attempt.

Postmaster Jewell is earning golden opinions from the public in his administration of one of the most difficult departments of government, that of the Post-office. His last act is the discovery of a curious fraud in the repair of mail-bags, perpetrated by the very simple expedient of first producing or enlarging the injuries to the bags, and then repairing them. The Postmaster-General purposes hereafter to have the department repair its own bags.

The strike in the Pennsylvania coal regions continues much the same as it was two weeks ago. All compromises are rejected by the strikers. The presence of troops has probably prevented considerable shedding of blood. On the night of April 22nd, a raid was made near Hazleton on a house in which there was a man who had incurred the displeasure of the strikers. The occupants of the house defended it, and one of the attacking party was shot dead.

The celebration of the hundredth anniversary of the battles of Concord and Lexington took place on Monday, April 19th. The speakers were among the most accomplished and eloquent in the land. George W. Curtis made the principal address at Concord, and Richard H. Dana performed the same duty at Lexington. President Grant was in the procession at Concord in the morning, and then was taken in a carriage to Lexington (eight miles distant), where he reviewed the military part of the procession. There was after-dinner speaking at both places by distinguished men. The patriotism of New England was never more deeply stirred by any local event, and two well equipped railroads leading from Boston to Concord, only twenty miles distant, could not transport the immense crowds of enthusiastic citizens desiring to participate in the ceremonies.

A LIBRARY OF VALUABLE INFORMATION.—Webster's unabridged Dictionary can only be appreciated by those who spend a few hours in its critical examination. It is a library of valuable information in itself, containing admirably condensed articles on thousands of subjects, *three thousand* of which are illustrated by excellent cuts. It costs \$12, while volumes containing the same amount of matter on similar subjects, would cost hundreds of dollars. It is the cheapest volume in the English language, except the Bible.